The Pagan Library

A Dreaming Desire

Staeorra Rokraven

A spark comes coiling to the edge of sleep
From realms arcane which have become unknown
And from this psychic well does beauty leap
A vision cherished for to call my own.

This wispy strand now takes it's shape in fire
And fueled by sources boldly to enchant
Then forming curves from wish of heart's desire
A Woman's eyes all graced with Elvish slant.

The shield maid's arms then reach and wanting clasp
We intertwine within her streaming hair
Then sighing voices send a heartfelt gasp
As fragrance heralds tawny skin now bare'd.

This honored Lady may in shadows walk
But fate may someday find my heart unlock.

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